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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

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CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like the laughing hours
Of early spring—
The very cloud that o'er it lours
A charm can bring;
For, like an April sky,
A shower, a sunny day,
So the bright tear in childhood's eye
A smile can chase away.

But even whilst we gaze
Those early days are gone,
And soon the glowing rays
Of summer hasten on;
The bud hath opened to the flower,
The boy to manhood sprung,
And from his heart sin's darkening power
Its bitterness hath wrung.

He dreams that he can win from fame
An honored, deathless name;
And following glory's banners bright,
He finds an early grave;
But memory enshrouds in night
The last hope of the brave.
He is forgotten—o'er his bier
No nation's tears are shed;

Nought, save a widow's mother's tear,
Laments the hero dead.
The poet strikes his lute—
Sweet thrill its golden strings;
But public praise is mute—
His men no rapture bring.
And mournfully his heart
Echoes its tender tone,
His airy dreams depart,
His hope of fame has down.

Like an expanded flower,
Whose leaves fall one by one,
Hope fades 'neath disappointment's power,
Till manhood's prime is gone.
And age, like autumn, chill and sore,
Scatters each fading leaf;
Till not one flower remains to cheer
The path of life so sadly drear,
And yet so brief—
Till all the weary heart would crave
Is but a rest from woes—
The coming winter of the grave
Its snow around him throws—
And ever thus, from youth to age,
Man treads his weary pilgrimage.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

I dreamed—I saw a rosy little child
With flaxen ringlets in a garden playing,
Now stepping here, and there afar off straying,
As flowers or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed—one summer's day I stepped
aside

To let him pass; his face had manhood's
seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
O'er a fair maiden whom he called his
"bride!"

Once more 'twas autumn, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry re-
sounding,
And in the midst I marked the smiling sire.

The heavens were clouded; and I heard the
tone
Of a slow moving bell—the white-haired man
gone.

Unbending 'midst the wintry skies,
Rears the firm oak his vigorous form,
And stern in rugged strength, defies
The rushing of the storm;
Then severed from his native shore,
O'er ocean-worlds the sails to bear,
Still with those winds he braved before,
He proudly struggles there.

He shall not dread Misfortune's angry men,
Nor feebly sink beneath the tempest rude,
Whose soul hath learned through many a trying
scene,
To smile at fate, and suffer unsubdued.

In the rough school of billows, clouds and storms,
Nursed and matured, the pilot learns his art:
Thus Fate's dread ire, by many a conflict torn,
The lofty spirit and enduring heart!

EPICURISM.

"O spare me, dear angel, one look of your
hair!"
A bashful young lover took courage and sighed;
ere a sin to refuse so modest a prayer,
"whole wig," the sweet creature

spunk like
back right
dog comes
and bris-

OUR COUNTRY.

The subjects that engage human attention, constitute a numerous class. They are scattered over a wide field, whose boundaries are perpetually enlarging, and whose beauties are continually increasing. They are adapted to all tastes—they are suited to all orders of minds. Here, the humble mechanic may tread with as free a step and as high a brow as the dignified philosopher. Through the lofty portals, that open upon this field, each one may enter and find a rich entertainment.

Among the subjects that belong to the sphere of our intelligence, the political history of our race occupies no inferior place. Few things are of more interest. It is not confined within the narrow limits of two or three centuries, but extends over the whole past. It presents man in every variety of situation. Now, we behold him in the possession of all his noble rights—his prerogatives acknowledged, and his freedom undisturbed. Then, we see him crouching like a subdued animal, before his oppressors, drinking the bitter cup of slavery, and denied those invaluable blessings that give to the present all its cheerfulness, and to the future all its hopes. At one time, we view him crushed beneath the triumphal car of ambition; at another, shut up in the gloom of the dungeon, and breathing upon its walls the faint prayer of liberty—at another, blessed with a restoration of his natural privileges, and reposing in the shade of "his own vine and fig tree." In all these conditions there is something to please and improve us. Whatever be our station and character, we shall there gather something of importance. If we be christians, we shall in perusing the political history of man, discover the constant workings of that Providence, which has never, for a moment, abandoned the earth—that Providence, which has been unceasingly employed in bringing light out of darkness, and joy out of sorrow. If we be statesmen, we shall here meet with much to expand our knowledge, and be enabled to see the operations of those systems under which man has lived.

The progress of man towards political perfection, has been slow and unsteady. Every thing, in this world, bears the stamp of imperfection. It appeals to our observation, on every side. It is a property of the mind, and hence is communicated to all that proceeds from it. Particularly does this observation apply to the science of government. Through how many ages were false ideas entertained on this subject! For what a space of time were the rights of the governor and the governed misunderstood, and how painful is the conviction, that for centuries, our race endured multiplied horrors on this account! Happily for humanity a brighter day has dawned. The pillars of oppression have fallen in different countries; the sceptre of tyranny has been broken and buried in the dust—the chains, that were once worn by a bleeding people, have been shaken off by the power of innocence and justice. The present century finds man, in his political character, an improved being, standing upon an eminence which it required ages of toil and efforts of perseverance to reach.

The establishment of American institutions, formed an era in the political history of man. It turned the tide of events, and directed it in a new channel. Though a solitary occurrence in itself, it has probably done more for our race, than any thing of a like character. Every thing that could have conspired to give this event importance and notoriety, did conspire to produce this effect. Previous and attendant circumstances united to call universal attention to it, and spread its powerful lessons through the entire mass of society. Who was then the foe, against whose tyranny our country contended? An obscure and feeble nation, enervated by corruption, without courage and determination! Was it such a nation? No. American resistance was directed against the mightiest people on the globe. England, whose arm had never known weakness, and whose brow was covered with laurels, gathered on her numerous battle-fields—England with a strong navy and a celebrated army—she was our enemy. And what were we? Small in our population, limited in our resources, undisciplined and unprepared. Such a contest was calculated to excite observation and sympathy, and to accomplish those great and general purposes, for which patriots bleed and die.

No period could have been more fortunate for such an event, than the one at which it occurred. Providence always seems to have an eye to time, and especially in this instance, does it appear to have been considered. Had it taken place earlier or later, its glorious results would have been partially counteracted. Happening at the time it did, when the public mind and feeling were in a ripened state, it made a firm grasp upon opinion, and entwined itself more closely round the sympathies of our race. Whatever modification of a popular government had existed prior to that period, there had never been framed such a political system. The materials, it is true, were to be found before—principles of a similar character had been professed on the other side of the Atlantic by a few, but they had never been embodied into such a form. That temple of liberty, which our gallant fathers raised on the soil of the western hemisphere; whose foundation was laid in nature, and whose walls were cemented by their own blood—was built upon a model entirely new.

It was at that time, then, that the great battle of human rights and liberty was to be fought. Then, tyranny and freedom were to decide their strength and merits—America, the theatre of action—the world the spectators. Oppression on one side, drew up its formidable legions, trained to its

service, and accustomed to defend its usurpations. Justice on the other, raised her champions. They were few, but faithful. There was nerve in her arms—there was righteousness in their cause. She pointed to the wounds they had received, and urged them forward to the meeting. What were the consequences? See them in the happiness and peace that have blessed the borders of the land, in the prosperity that has attended almost every step of our nation. See them in the radiant hopes, that illuminate the darkness of the distant future. See them in the conduct of other countries, who have imitated our example and attained the same invaluable prize. Consequences that gladden the warm bosom of every true patriot, and increase the praises that rise from earthly altars to the throne of God. Already have they been beheld extending themselves far and wide—already have they fully justified the course of our forefathers, and sealed it with the decree of Providence. May they be seen and felt for ever!

Could the founders of our republic have been assured of the brilliant success that awaited their scheme—could they have been permitted to gaze upon the sealed pages of futurity's volume, and read the glorious destiny that Providence had ordained for them, with what new vigor would they have been inspired! Over the cloud of war the rainbow of hope would have ever bent. Despondency would never have unnerved their arms. With an unassuming tongue, they would have endured every ill—with an undaunted step, they would have proceeded on in their shining path of honor. However firmly they might have been persuaded of the integrity of their cause, they could not have flattered themselves with the expectation of such a victory. Little did they think, that half a century would have made such astonishing revelations. Little did they imagine, that in a few years what they left an infant, would grow to the full stature of a man—that the edifice which they laid the corner-stone, would so soon rise to the heavens, through the unwearied industry of their children.

And what has been the cause of this unexampled success? What is it in our constitution, that has secured so much prosperity to our country? Why has our eagle soared so high? The secret of our triumph is to be found in the fact, that ours is a liberal government—that in the eye of the constitution, all men are equal. It is this equality of rights, that forms the distinctive feature of our polity. This has surrounded our country with so many attractions—this has made it so satisfactory to ourselves.

There is something in the bosom of man, to which such a form of political society appeals, and in which it meets with a hearty response. Where is he so likely to be satisfied, as in a country which acknowledges his rank and respects his character? Where is he better pleased, than in that land which throws around him its protecting arms, and secures for him peace and happiness? So it is here. All are placed on the same footing. The proud distinctions of aristocracy are unknown—each one has an agency through his representatives, in framing laws and establishing those regulations under which he is to live. In the law every man has a safeguard. It protects and defends him. If injustice dare to place its iron hand upon him, if his rights be infringed, if his happiness be disturbed, he has a refuge, whither he may flee and have full redress. Who will say that such a state of society is not desirable? How well designed is it to allay that feverish excitement, which so often pervaded a community, and to destroy those cancerous qualities that fed upon its tranquility and pleasure!

Experience has verified that this kind of government is favorable to all the interests of man. Under it, Christianity may flourish "like a tree, planted by the rivers of water," disseminating through all its borders its healthful influence, repressing all unwholesome emotions, and teaching man to dwell together in love and harmony. Under it, literature and the arts may advance and diffuse their blessings on every side. What is there connected with man, that does not here find a soil in which it may grow? We ask nothing more for our country than she deserves. Let her enemies taunt her—let the advocates of royalty deride her. The history of the past is her glory—the sure hopes of the future is her glory. The prosperity and peace of her large community refute the charges that have been made against her, and pronounce her praise with an eloquence that cannot be misinterpreted.

What may be the operation of American freedom upon other nations, we cannot fully determine. Facts, however, warrant the supposition that it will be favorable. Our principles plead their own cause, and make a fervent appeal to nature's children every where. Man, in every country, loves liberty. Find him where you will, he prizes it above all other temporal gifts. Whether he stand beneath the sultry sky of Africa, or dwell in the voluptuous bowers of Asia—whether he bufs his hot amid the enduring snows of Greenland, or pass his days in the soft climate of the south, there is that in liberty that charms his heart. Talk to man of liberty, and his languid eye will brighten, and his pulses beat with more rapidity. Talk to him of liberty, and strength will return to the fainting mind, and nerve will come back to the feeble arm. May we not then hope, that the example of America will have imitators—that the voice of her history will have an echo in other nations, waking them from the slumbers of ages, and causing them to rise from the dust and clothe themselves in the fair garments of freedom. Till that is accomplished, our triumph will be incomplete. America acts for the world, as well as for herself.

Believing that great and excellent ends

will be effected by the perpetuity of our institutions, we cannot but feel deeply interested for their continuance. How is this to be effected? What can shield our nation from every injury, and guide its footsteps to imperishable glory? Morality and religion are our only hope. However pure our political principles—however vast our resources—however wise our legislators, if we do not cultivate these things, we cannot stand. Let our citizens become corrupted—let them disrespect God, and indulge in wickedness, and the stability of their nation is gone. The light of their glory will be extinguished, and they will sink into the tomb of their shame, leaving nothing to perpetuate their name, and repeat the story of their achievements. What said Washington, the man whose fame is unsullied, and whose memory is fresh in the hearts of his admiring countrymen? "Of all the dispositions that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." What says the Bible, the highest of all authority? "Sin is a reproach to any people." Had we no other reason to practise morality and love religion, we would do so for the sake of our country. The man who opposes them, has no claims to the character of a real patriot. He is unworthy of the name. That is patriotism, noble, dignified patriotism, which will impel its possessor to defend the intelligence and religion of his country. Give us this patriotism, and we are safe. Give us this patriotism, and though the storm beats and the waves swell high, the noble ship of state will ride on unhurt, to its peaceful harbor.

If then it be true, that "morality and religion" strengthen and establish the foundations of a country, and especially a country like ours, we say, how shall their operation be increased and enlarged? We notice but one of the numerous means—FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The influence of females is unquestionable. Whoever denies it, contravenes the plainest facts. From early childhood to old age, man feels their power. Though their voice sounds not in sonates and in legislative halls—though they lead not armies, and act not on the platform of public business, yet do they wield a mighty sceptre. Their power follows us at every step. Their instructions mingle with our first feelings, and give an inclination to our wild passions. Possessing this ability, they are capable of operating on the opinions and morals of a community, and moulding them into any form they please. Beneath their smile, virtue raises its bowed head and puts on new courage. Immorality fears their frown and shrinks from their presence.

If all the females of this country were to unite to discourage dissipation and vice—if they were to join in a crusade against impiety and infidelity, purity and religion would soon have a perfect ascendancy. They have already done much. Honored and beloved shall they be for it; but may they not do more? Have they in their retired sphere, exerted all their powers for these glorious objects? They have the "five talents," and from them will be expected a proportionate return. Let the ladies of America remember their responsibility. They hold the liberty of the land in their hands, by their influence over its morals. They may make good or bad citizens. If they sow in the hearts of those with whom they have intercourse, the seed of unsound principles, they will see the harvest in the profanity and wretchedness of their lives. But if they implant virtue and patriotism in the hearts of the rising generation, they will behold their cheering effects in the steadiness and upright dignity of their conduct. Let our females then know, that they are called upon by high and sacred voices, to perform their duty to their country. Let the mother teach her children to love their country, and to practise virtue and religion. Let the sister aid in the moral education of her brother. Let them all bring their respective talents to the altar of religion and their country, and never rest, until they have, to the utmost extent, discharged that duty which they owe to themselves, their nation, their families, and their God. Acting in this manner, they will receive continued respect and love, and behold happiness and contentment springing up around them. They will then sustain that character, which poetry has given them, viz. the character of angels. The benediction of God, and the gratitude of the world will be their reward here; the communion of the glorified, and the presence of Jehovah, their greater reward hereafter.

A. A. L.

APHORISMS OF LACON.

Few individuals better understood the nature of man than the author of Lacon.

His motto was "the noblest study of mankind is man." We know of no work extant, that furnishes so useful a text book, as the two little volumes by him of "many things in few words."

The following aphorism from his work is not more just than applicable to the present condition of our country.

"Liberty will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. That nation cannot be enjoyed. That nation cannot be free, where reform is a common hack, that is dismissed with a kick the moment it has brought the rider to his place. That nation cannot be free, where parties are but different roads, leading to one common destination, plunder. That nation cannot be free, where the rulers will not feel for the people, until they are obliged to feel with the people, and then it is too late. That nation cannot be free that is bought by its own consent, and sold against it; where the rogue that is in rags, is kept in countenance by the rogue that is

in ruffles, and where from high to low, from the lord to the laggard, there is nothing radical but corruption, and nothing contemptible but poverty; where both patriot and place man, perceive that money can do every thing, are prepared to do every thing for money. That nation cannot be free where religion is, with the higher orders, a matter of indifference; with the middle, of acquiescence, and with the lower, of fanaticism. That nation cannot be free, where the loyalty of selfishness sticks to it as close as the curse of Elisha to his servant Gehazi; where the rulers ask what recommends a man, but who; and where those who want a rogue have no occasion to make, but to choose. I hope there is no nation like this under Heaven; but if there were, these are the things that however great she might be, would keep such a nation from liberty, and liberty from her. These are things that would force upon such a nation, first, a government of EXPEDIENTS; secondly, of DIFFICULTIES; and lastly, of DANGERS. Such a nation could begin to feel, only by fearing all she desired, and finish, by suffering all she feared."

Let every patriot ponder well these maxims.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

"No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave, no tear of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over him."

It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of golden light, in richness over the boundless expanse of waters. Not a cloud was visible, the winds were hushed and the ocean was unbroken by a ripple.

A solitary ship was the only object in all the magnificent scene which spoke the existence of man. Her sails were hanging sluggishly from the yards. The light motionless flag suspended at half mast seemed to portend that misfortune, perhaps death had been there. And such indeed was the case, among the party who composed her passengers on leaving port was one whose health had been declining in the coolness of our northern winter, and who, as the last hope of regaining it, had determined to visit the sunny vine hills of France, and inhale the pure air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him adieu, believed it was their last farewell, and he himself, as his native shores faded from his sight, felt the dark, dreary consciousness come over him, that he was going to die among strangers.

He was young, and before disease had fastened itself upon him, had moved the beloved and admired of all. He could ill bear the thought of dying, for his hopes were high and animating; just such an ardent and inexperienced mind delights to indulge, and he had looked forward with impatience to the time when he should become an actor in the busy world. He had talents and education fitted for any employment, and his friends confidently anticipated the period when he should share in the councils of the country, or stand pre-eminently distinguished at the bar. He had ties too of a different nature, which had given a fairy charm to existence, and bound him still closer to life—ties which were too fondly cherished, entwined as they were with the very fibres of his heart, to be severed by any thing save death. No wonder he felt it hard to die! But the victims which the grave selects are not always those whom we value most highly, nor who most readily sink into its shadows. How often is youth cut down when just opening into manhood and glorying in all its anticipations. Such was the case with the one before us. Consumption had been silently but gradually performing its task, and the unnatural flush upon his cheek, and his glassy eyes, had finally become so manifest, that he was rapidly passing to another world. He died at last, and his death was calm and peaceful as the sleep of an infant, folded in its mother's arms, and now his manly form lay stretched upon the deck about to be committed to the world of waters—a feeble thing—but all the hope and happiness of how many hearts may go with it to old ocean's silent chasms. The ship's company were collected and stood around, gazing upon the cold, placid countenance which they were about to consign, with all its beauty, to the deep. No word was uttered, and memory recalled the gentle voice and sweet smile of the deceased, and fancy pictured the sorrow his death would cast over the circle which he had left. An appropriate prayer and a few remarks, suggested by the occasion, were the only religious ceremonies performed; then the body was lifted carefully, as if it could know, in its unconsciousness, that tears were in the eyes of the strangers, and tenderness in their bosoms,—then a single heavy plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples over its glassy breast. We gazed with strained eyes after the slowly sinking corpse, still it grew dim and vaguely shaped in the deep green water, and then gradually disappeared. A gloomy silence succeeded, and the desolation of a desert pervaded the ship.

Beneath the ocean wave,
High soul, thy rest must be;
We ask for thee no prouder grave
Than a deep eternal sea.

Light be the wind that blows
Above thy gentle head;
And noiseless be the waves that close
Around thy sea-washed bed.

No costly stone we rear,
Nor marbled sculptured bust;
Deep in the ocean-caverns here,
Dust shall turn to dust.

O'er the heaving wave
No mother's tears may fall,
No sister's hand shall deck thy grave,
Thou mourned and loved of all.

The breeze is rising now
Our sails full proudly swell,

The white foam ebbs around our bow—
Farewell! a last farewell!

CROSS FIRING.

A scene is given in the Baltimore Transcript from the Vaudeville of the "Prisoner of Rochelle," which, when well acted, must be exceedingly amusing. The piece was written for Miss Bayne by J. H. Hewitt, Esq. In the scene, which we copy below, Corporal Cartouche amuses himself with going through the manual exercises while Leza, seated at her work-table, minutely questions him concerning matrimony.

Leza. A girl were to fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?

Cartouche. Present arms!

L. She would doubtless look to you for—

C. Support!

L. And then what a heavy burden you'd have to—

C. Carry!

L. Your butcher and baker would have to—

C. Charge!

L. Your prospects of course would not—

C. Advance!

L. And you'd have to—

C. Bout faces!

L. And never have any—

C. Rest!

L. Now, Corporal, pray give me your—

C. Attention!

L. A man of your years is not able to bear such a—

C. Load!

L. You are not in fear—

C. Prime!

L. Your wife may—

C. Bout!

L. Leave you, but she will soon—

C. Return!

L. And then you'd have to bear all the—

C. Your—

C. Shoulder!

L. Would you be—

C. Ready!

L. I think you would have some other—

C. Aim!

L. And you'd throw all your epistles into the—

C. Fire! (Throws his musket.)

PATRIOTIC.—The following patriotic toast

offered by a certain Mr. Felix O'Neil, at a public dinner given in Wheeling, on the 24th of July, is a specimen of a toast that should be remembered in all times:

"The memory of the man

That owned the land,

That raised the cry,

That fed the goose,

That bore the quill

That made the pen

That wrote the Declaration of Independ-

ence."

AFFECTION.—A poor disconsolate squirrel,

cocked up on a lonely fence, gnawing a great gravel stone, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

LIFE PRESERVER VEST.—A new fish-

ioned life preserver, in the shape of an ordinary vest, has been invented at Hartford, Conn. It is made like any common vest, with the exception that the breast and a portion of the back are lined with India rubber, which can be inflated by the breath in a few moments, and as well in the water as out of it. It is not intended that these shall be put on only when immediate danger threatens, but worn at all times when traveling on the water, as the India rubber, when uninflated, does not injure the appearance.

SEWOMER ACTING.—The U. S. schooner

Active was sold on Friday for \$1,500—the originally cost the government, \$8,000. The amount expended on her, in repairs and alterations was \$9,000. Total cost \$17,000. Loss on the sale, \$12,500.

N. York Com.

A FOOL.—A young clerk in Montreal

named Wilson, recently killed himself by discharging a pistol into his abdomen.

N. York Transcript.

Well now he didn't miss it far, for he was evidently trying to blow out his brains.

ANTI-ABOLITION MOVEMENT.—The New

York Express of the 11th ult. says—"The New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Maine Conference of the same sect, have adopted a plan of pacification, by which the members are to abandon all participation in abolition conventions, societies or publications, as connected with church. The New Hampshire Conference, now in session, will probably follow their example. The New York Conference has required its members to refrain from the subject altogether.—Mob. Ad.

SINGULAR EPIGRAPH.—In a church at Am-

sterdam there is a very ancient funeral monument of white marble, on which are engraved a pair of slippers of a very singular kind, with this inscription, (Effen Nyl), which means exactly, and the story of this singularity is this:—A man who was very rich, but who was a *bon vivant*, took it into his head that he was to live a certain number of years, and no longer. Under the impression of this idea, he calculated, that if he spent so much a year, his estate and his life would expire together. It accidentally happened that he was not mistaken in either of his calculations—he died precisely at that time which he had presented to himself in fancy, and then brought his fortune to such a predicament, that after the paying of his debts, he had nothing left but a pair of slippers. His relations buried him in a creditable manner, and had the slippers carved on his tomb, with the above laconic device.